

# Missiskoui



# Standard.

Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

FREELIGHSBURG, L. C., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1837.

VOL. 2.

NO. 45.

## Just Received,

30 chests Y. H. Tea,  
25 do. H. S. do.  
15 do. Souchang do.  
10 do. Hyson do.  
25 Bags Rio Coffee,  
25 Kegs Tobacco,  
15 Boxes Saunders Caven-  
dish do.  
6 Kegs Ladies Twist do.  
20 Bags Pepper and Pimento,  
40 Matts Capia,  
2 Tons Trinédad Sugar,  
2,000 Wt. Double Refined  
Loaf Sugar,

and a variety of articles not enumerated, for sale  
by W. W. SMITH.  
Dec. 6, 1836. V2-35

## NEW YORK & MONTREAL FURS!

Otter, South Sea Seal, Nutre,  
Seal and Jenett Caps, Boas,  
Ruffs, Tippets, Jenett Collars  
and Gloves, Buffalo Robes,  
&c. &c. &c., for sale by W. W. SMITH.

Missiskoui Bay, Dec. 6th, 1836. V2-35

## Dry Goods !!

THE Subscribers offer the following articles  
for sale, at a moderate advance upon the  
sterling cost, with a view to closing off their stock  
previous to receiving their Spring importations

## Cloths,

of various qualities and colors.

Pilot Cloths, Mohair Coatings,  
Paddings, Guernsey Frocks,  
Irish Knit 1-2 Hose,  
a general assortment of  
Hosiery and Gloves,  
Buckskins, Flannels,  
Cassinets, Moreens,  
Shalloons, Merinoes,  
Bombazeens, Bombazetts,  
Lastings, light and dark fancy  
Vestings, Counterpanes,  
Hossacks, Gros-de-Naples,  
Crapes, Velvets & Velveteens,  
Ribbons, Sewing Silks & Twists,  
Grey Domestic Cotton,  
Beetle and Loom Shirtings,  
Cotton Ticks, light and dark  
Prints, Chalis dress Patterns,  
Checked Poplins Silk and  
Cotton Umbrellas, Parasols,  
Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs,  
Apron Checks, two Blue and  
Turkey Stripes and Checks,  
Britannias and fancy pocket  
Handkerchiefs, Bark Silk do.  
Cambrics, Jaconets,  
Mull and Book Muslins,  
Widows Lawn, Plain and  
figured Bobbinet, L'Isle and  
Bobbinet Laces, Quillings,  
Linen and Union drills,  
Table Covers, Hats, Braces,  
Stocks, Writing Paper,  
Sealing Wax, Threads,  
Spool Cottons, Buttons  
and Cotton Balls.

For sale VERY CHEAP, by  
MUNSON & CO.

Philipburg, Nov. 22, 1836. 33-ft.

## Notice.

THE Subscribers would say to their friends  
and the public, that they are receiving from  
New York, a general assortment of

## Dry Goods

Groceries, Crockery  
& Hardware,

which they offer for sale, at reduced prices for  
Cash; or most kinds of Country produce, at their  
Store in West Berkshire, Vt. Those wishing to  
make good bargains will do well to call and examine  
for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

CHAFFEE & BURLESON.

West Berkshire, Nov. 11th 1836.

## RAIL-ROAD LINE

OF



## Mail Stages

FROM

STANSTEAD-PLAIN

TO

ST. JOHNS.

Messrs. CHANDLER,  
STEVENS,  
CLEMENT &  
TUCK, Propri-  
tors.

FARE 3 1-2 DOLLARS, 17s 6d.

LEAVES St. Johns, Wednesday and Saturday  
mornings, and arrives at Stanstead Plain  
in the evening.

Leaves Stanstead Plain, Tuesday and Friday  
mornings, and arrives at St. Johns in the evening.

Passengers from Stanstead, may, if they please,  
breakfast in Montreal the next morning. Thus,  
the advantages of this new line are obvious.

## SALT !!

500 Bushels St. Ubes SALT also  
general assortment of

## Dry Goods,

Groceries, Hardware,  
Crockery, Iron, Nails,  
Oil, Glass, &c. &c.,

Just received and for sale by RUSSELL & ROBERTS.

## 2,000 Minots

## Lisbon Salt !

in fine condition, just landed from on board the  
Schooner Malvina—likewise a quantity of blown  
SALT, — ALSO —  
a heavy Stock of general

## Merchandise,

and for sale Wholesale & Retail by W. W. SMITH.

Missiskoui Bay, 23d Nov. 1836. V2-35

## Farm For Sale

WEST half of Lot No. 36, in the 12th  
Concession, St. Armand, upon which is  
a good comfortable Dwelling House, story and  
half high, a good warm Stable, and about 30 acres  
of Land under improvement. The improvement  
is new and the Land of an excellent quality,  
and well watered. For terms enquire of the  
subscriber upon the premises.

JOHN BURHART.  
St. Armand, Feb. 7, 1837. 44...ft.

THE  
MISSISKOUI STANDARD  
IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,  
BY  
J. D. GILMAN, Printer,  
To whom all Communications must be ad-  
dressed; and if by mail, post paid.

## POETRY.

### A SHORT SOLILOQUY.

By my Maiden Aunt—aged forty.

Scene—discovers my Aunt at her toilet.

Time—New Year's Morning,

And 'tis e'en so? (abstractedly) Another year—  
Ach! how time glides on—  
Another year—'tis very queer—  
Another year has gone.

Heaven help me! I am growing old,  
And ah! (sorrowfully) I fear the Colonel  
And the world too begin to think—  
My youth is not eternal.

Why, a grey hair! (starts & shrieks) Pshaw!  
Thank heaven, it is a thread— I what a fool  
How it did frighten me—Oh, la;  
Dear me, I'm all but dead. (out of breath)

(Takes up the thread and tries to put it through  
a needle.)

Bless me, I do declare, 'tis strange—  
'Tis odd I cannot thread it—  
I know my sight is good enough (tries again)  
But pshaw, I do not need it. (throws it down)

No, no—my hair, I'm sure, is quite  
As black as 'ever was, (quite complacently)  
And to complain of my eye sight,  
I'm certain I've no cause.

My skin is smooth & white as snow, (approaching  
My eyes have all youth's fire, (approaching  
There is no wrinkle on my brow, (approaching  
My teeth are all entire.

And then my form is en bon point,  
My step is light and spry (cuts a pigeon wing)  
There's many a spruce young Miss, that looks  
Not half so young as I.

In fine my New York visitors (slowly retiring,  
Though one year more is gone, face towards  
Can't estimate my age I think, the mirror)  
Much over—twenty-one. Exit.

### THE BASHFUL MAN.

By the Author of "The Vestal, or the Tale of Pompeii."

Let him who has never suffered from  
the horrors of bashfulness, pass by this article.  
He will find here nothing with  
which he can sympathise. But he who  
knows the exquisite misery of a temper-  
ament, whose very nature almost shuts  
him out from human sympathy, while it  
opens upon him the full sluices of laughter  
and ridicule, he only should read, for he  
only can understand, this chapter of my  
sufferings. It is but a specimen of my life.  
To all others it will be a sealed fountain;  
and as they pass it by in the proud con-  
sciousness of the unspeakable blessing of  
impudence, let them thank heaven that its  
waters can never flow for them.

As my object is but to give a specimen  
of the numerous *contretemps* that incessantly  
besets me, the moment I appear in  
ladies' society, I shall merely speak of  
those that befel me at the only dinner in  
Paris, to which I was invited. Though  
laden with introductory letters, I never

delivered another.

I pass by the various efforts I made,  
before I could master sufficient resolution  
to deliver to Madame O., the one that pro-  
cured for me, and a friend who came  
with me, the dinner in question. I pass  
by, too, my trepidation at the everlasting  
peal with which the bell responded to my  
timid touch. Scarcely could I distinguish

the *Parlez an Suisse*, over the porter's

lodge, where probably Swiss never stood  
since its erection. I pass by, too, several  
minor blunders; such as asking the porter  
to direct us to "la chambre de Madame,"

meaning her drawing room. Suffice to  
say, that my less nervous companion, dic-  
tionary in hand, boldly led the way; that  
having traversed a goodly number of courts

and stairs, we at length arrived safely at  
an ante-room, where stood a servant be-  
fore a pair of folding doors, which he threw

wide open, and announced us by a pair of  
names, that we should never have recog-  
nized as our own, had we met them else-  
where.

Already agitated, and perspiring with  
nervous trepidation, this ostentatious mode

of entrance, so different from the republican  
simplicity to which I was accustomed, was

a formidable trial to me. My cheeks  
tingled, my knees trembled, and my heart  
beat violently. I slunk silently behind

my unabashed companion, and endeavored  
to gather sufficient courage, to conceal the

tremor that shook me like an ague fit.  
Madame O. rose to receive us; and as we

approached her it became necessary that I  
should deploy from behind my friend.  
But in so doing I did not notice a large pet  
dog, who comfortably stretched on a red

velvet cushion, lay napping beside his mis-  
tress, directly in my path. On I went  
anxious only to get through the introduc-  
tion ceremonies as soon as possible, and  
then to ensconce myself in some remote  
corner, where,

'The world forgetting, by the world forgot,'  
I might escape all notice or remark. But  
truly says the French proverb, 'L'homme  
se propose, mais e'est le bon Dieu qui dis-  
pose'; and very unfortunate were his dis-  
positions for my intention. As I hastened  
on, all glowing with confusion, and quaking  
with fright, just as I began my

bow, I stumbled over the detested pet,  
and was suddenly precipitated head fore-  
most, like an ancient battering ram, into  
the lap of Miss P. overturning episodically

a countryman of my own who was  
seated next her, balancing his chair on the  
two hind legs. To save himself, he in-  
stinctively grasped the back of her chair

—and his weight at her rear acting at the  
same moment that I was hurled at her  
in front, decided all hesitation, and over-  
we all rolled together, the chairs upper-

most. The vile cur, who had been at the  
bottom of the whole mischief, seized me  
by the leg, and receiving a hearty kick in  
return, added his howling to the chorus of

dismay that now filled the apartment. Happily,  
the female sufferer in this *mélee* engrossed  
all the sympathy and attention of the  
company; but I well knew, that in  
the short minute that had elapsed since  
I entered the apartment, I had made three  
mortal enemies, of a man, a dog, and a lady.

For my own part, as soon as I had ex-  
tricated myself from the terrible crash,  
covered with confusion and shame, I re-  
treathed into the most obscure corner of the  
room, where I sought to hide myself  
and my overwhelming mortification, be-  
hind the guests who were lounging about  
there.

The call to dinner served as a relief to  
my embarrassment, for I hoped that would  
engross every one's attention, which now

I could not help feeling, must be occu-  
pied with my awkwardness. Following

the company into the dining room, I saw  
that each plate contained a card, on which  
was written the name of the guest who  
was to occupy the place thus designated.

Every one seemed to find his place by mag-  
ic; but for me, four or five times did I make

the circuit of the table, looking in vain for  
mine. Indeed, I know not but I might

have continued running about unnoticed by

the crowd of servants all dinner time, had  
not Madame O.'s eye at length detected

me, as I circled round and round, with an

hysterically increasing rapidity, my eyes  
dim with confusion and a clammy perspi-  
ration bedewing every pore of my body;

and I at length sunk into my seat, when

found, fairly exhausted with mortification  
and shame. Here again, I found myself  
embarrassed with my hat, which, having

observed that all retained in their hands in  
the drawing room, I still grasped with  
nervous pertinacity. This I at length dis-  
posed of, as I thought at the time, with  
wonderful ingenuity; for I hung it by the  
brim between my knees, spreading my  
handkerchief over its open cavity.

My seat was next to a young lady, whom  
of course, I was expected to entertain.

I entertain! Wofully! already had I  
entertained the company; but I found

myself infinitely better adapted to ent-  
ertain a company *en masse* than singu-  
lar.

The ordinary routine of a French dinner  
now commenced. Soup and bouillie, fish,  
and fowl and flesh; *entremets* and *hors d'oeuvres*,

while a regular series of servants ap-  
peared each instant at our elbows, invit-  
ing us to partake of a thousand different

dishes, and as many different kinds of wine,  
all under strings of names which I no more

understood than I understood their compo-  
sition, or than they did my *gaucheries*.

Resolute to avoid all further opportunities  
for displaying my predominant trait, I sat

in the most obstinate silence, saying 'oui,'

to every thing that was offered me, and  
eating with the most devoted application,

till in an evil hour, my fair neighbor, weary  
of my silence and her own, at length

began a conversation, by inquiring

how I was pleased with the opera. The

question was put in an unlucky moment.  
I was just raising a large morsel of pota-  
toe to my mouth; and in order to reply as

quickly as possible, I hastily thrust it in,  
intending to swallow it as hastily. Heavens!</p

'Have you cut your head?' inquired one.

'Non! non!—L'araignée—L'araignée. Monsieur viendras écraser L'araignée.'

'Quelle quantité d'entraînes!' ejacula un astounded Frenchman, unconsciously, to himself.

Well might he be astonished. The spray of the execrable vegetable, had spattered her dress from head to foot.—For myself, the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket; but its contents remained.

'What a monster it must have been!' observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation. 'I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower.'

At this moment I felt some one touch me, and turning, I saw my companion who had come with me.

'Look at your pantaloons,' he whispered.

Already half dead with confusion at the disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been sitting upon the fated pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft paste like vegetable, which had daubed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if I were actually dissolving in my pantaloons.

Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat; but before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

'Sacr-r-e! bâte! Sacr-r-e, Sacr-r-r-e!' the in the last syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and name, that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard rising like a fierce tempest without the door. Suddenly there was a pause—a gurgling sound, as of one swallowing involuntarily; and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat, and opened the door, and the whole matter was at once explained. We had exchanged hats; and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustaches, ears and whiskers. Never shall I forget this spectacle. There he stood astride, like the colossus, and stooping gently forward, his eyes forcibly closed, his arms held drooping out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter at every pore.

I staid no longer; but, retaining his hat, I rushed from the house, jumped into a fiacre, and arrived safely at home, heartily resolving, that to my last hour, I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

*The secret Bandit....* There lived formerly in Denmark a wealthy noble, who had an only child, a fair daughter. The maiden lacked not suitors, both for her beauty and amiable qualities, and for the lands she would one day inherit: but from among them all she selected one who was distinguished by his handsome & gallant bearing, nor less so for his apparent riches, although he was a stranger in those parts, and no one could tell where lay his possessions, or whence he came. In short, the day was fixed for the betrothal, upon which occasion a magnificent entertainment was to be given by the nobleman.

It chanced, however, that on the preceding eve the maiden walked out, unaccompanied by any attendant: and ere she was aware of the distance she had wandered, had lost herself in the intricacies of a deep wood. At length meeting with what seemed to be a path, she pursued the track, but found that it conducted to a dismal cavern, that extended for some way beneath the ground. Struck with wonder at its romantic appearance, she determined to explore it: and advancing onward, soon discovered a spacious vault, that had every appearance of being inhabited, and that too, not by a hermit, or religious recluse, but by one who had a taste for wealth and luxury. She next proceeded into an inner chamber, where she saw a shining heap of gold and silver, which, on examination, she found to consist of richly chased goblets and other costly vessels, and gold coin. Continuing her search, she came to a third chamber, where to her exceeding dismay and horror, she beheld the remains of human carcasses, dead men's bones, and hideous skulls. She was now certain that she was in a retreat of robbers and murderers, and was about to make her escape as quickly as possible, when the sound of approaching footsteps warned her to conceal herself instantly behind a kind of projecting pillar at the extremity of this chamber of death. Hardly had she screened herself before a robber entered, bearing in his arms the dead body of a lady richly attired, from which he began to strip the jewels and valuable ornaments. While the barbarian was thus employed, the maiden caught a glimpse of his features, and a cry of horror nearly escaped her lips, as she discovered them to be those of her lover. He had now plundered the body of all but a very beautiful ring, when, in his impatience to get it, he cut off the finger with his sword but with such violence, that it flew to some distance very near the spot where the maiden was concealed. Fortunately, however, he did not stay to search for it, but having heard a signal from without, hurried away to rejoin his comrades. For some minutes the maiden stood rooted to the spot with horror at what she had thus witnessed, and dread for her own fate; at length, hearing no noise, she ventured from her hil-

place, and soon after stole out of the cavern, having first picked up the finger that had been cut off, and succeeded in finding her way home, where she found her father awaiting her return in the greatest anxiety. She excused herself by saying that she had wandered much farther than she intended, but mentioned not a word of the cavern, or the scene she had witnessed there.

On the following day the bride-groom arrived at the castle, attended by several companions, all splendidly attired, and the lady welcomed him as befitting one who was to be her future lord. As they afterwards sat at a festal board, and the goblet passed round, each guest recited some legend or wondrous tale. At length it came to the lady's turn to be narrator; whereupon she began to relate the adventure of a damsel, who having lost herself in a forest took shelter within a cave that was used by a bandit for the purpose of concealing their booty. The bridegroom listened with the utmost anxiety. 'Within this cave,' continued the lady, 'were many fair chambers, one of which was filled with heaps of gold and silver; in another were hands and legs, and other remains of dead bodies.' The bridegroom could scarcely conceal his agitation; yet he seemed to lend an ear of unconcerned attention to the story, which proceeded to state how the damsel was surprised by the return of the robbers; how she concealed herself, and the shocking scene she beheld. 'Ha! a pleasant tale truly,' exclaimed he, when the lady had finished—yet methinks better for an old crone's fireside, than a banquet like ours.' 'I have reason to believe, however,' returned the lady, 'that it is not mere gossip's legend, but a fact.' 'A fact?' exclaimed several of the guests. 'Yes; one does not care to vouch for the truth of stories of the kind in general, but I am inclined to believe this, because—tis indeed a very odd circumstance—I happen to have the very finger and ring the robber cut off.' What now followed may easily be conjectured. He who had entered the castle as a welcome guest, was detained along with his comrades as a prisoner, and shortly after delivered up to the arm of justice. As for the lady, she thanked heaven for having rescued her in the first place from imminent peril, and in the next from a union with a guilty assassin.

#### CASPAR KARLINSKI.

*A Polish Anecdote....* In the course of the sanguinary war which was carried on between the Swedes and the Poles, in the 16th century, respecting the rights of Sigismund the 3d, the king of Poland, to the Throne of Sweden, the Swedish usurper prepared to invade Poland with the whole force of his kingdom. Sigismund, unable to make head in the field against the overwhelming superiority of the enemy, contented himself with reinforcing the garrisons of his frontier towns, and placing in the chief command warriors of approved courage and fidelity.

Among others, the king selected Caspar Karlinski, as one on whom he could safely rely in the emergencies of his situation. He was a nobleman, then advanced in years, and renowned among his countrymen, not so much for his wealth or his rank, as for the dauntless valor he had frequently displayed in the service of his native land. He willingly obeyed the commands of his sovereign, and repaired immediately to the fortress of Olfizyn, the post assigned to him.

A formidable body of the enemy soon made their appearance before Olfizyn, & a threatening summons to surrender was sent to Karlinski. His answer was, 'I will obey no orders but those of my king, and will keep the faith I have pledged to him untarnished till death.' The enemy changed their mode of attack, and made him the most splendid offers—a seat in the senate, the highest rank, and boundless possessions, if he would surrender Olfizyn and embrace their party. Karlinski treated their bribes with greater scorn than their threats. The hostile leaders sat before him the disproportion of the contending forces, the weakness of his side, and the consequent danger to which he exposed himself by his obstinacy. Karlinski saw only the peril of his country, and remained equally inflexible. Convinced at last of his unbending integrity, and confident of victory, the enemy made a furious attack upon the castle; but through the strength of the walls, the bravery of the besieged, and still more the skill of their gallant commander, they were repulsed with immense slaughter.

The foe were discouraged by this defeat, but still determined on the attempt to gain by stratagem what negotiation and force had alike failed in procuring for them. Every disposition was therefore made, as if they intended another assault. The gallant Karlinski

on the heights arrayed his trusty warriors few, but undismayed, and relying on his good cause, and the bravery of his followers, excited as it was by their recent victory, looked fearlessly to the result of their approaching conflict. The adversary advanced still nearer and nearer; they were already within gun-shot of the castle walls, when their front rank

of the castle walls, when their front rank of the castle walls, when their front rank

God! it is my son—my Sigismund!' and fell motionless on the ramparts.

It was indeed his son, whom the enemy, at the instigation of a friend, had surprised with his nurse and carried away, and had now placed in front of their army; hoping through this expedient to be able to advance to the castle walls without being exposed to the fire of the hostile ramparts.

Their cunning was at first successful—the besieged, from their love to their adored commander, dared not discharge a single cannon, and the Swedes approached, undisturbed, almost to the foot of the walls, and prepared to scale them.

Karlinski, at this moment, recovered his senses, but it was only to suffer a greater anguish. He saw the danger, but no means of averting it, without a sacrifice too dreadful to think of. 'I have lost,' he cried out in a despairing voice, 'seven brave sons in battle for my country, and is this last sacrifice still required from me?' A death-like pause ensued, broken only by the cries of the child, whose features now could be distinctly traced, as he was still carried in advance of the onward moving ranks. Karlinski at last seemed inspired with supernatural strength—he snatched the lighted brand from one of the gunners—'God! (he cries) I was a Pole before I was a father,' and with his own hand discharged the gun which was to be the signal for a general volley. A tremendous fire was immediately poured from every battlement, it swept away to death Karlinski's infant, and great multitudes of the enemy; the besieged made a vigorous rally, and Olfizyn was delivered.—*London Literary Gazette.*

*Most distressing Accident.*—It has seldom fallen to our lot to record so dreadful an accident as occurred in the neighboring parish of Devonshire, on Sunday last, and which engrosses the attention of every one. So far as can be ascertained at present, the origin and cause of this melancholy

event, is as follows:—The family of the Worshipful the Mayor of Hamilton, comprising, Mrs. Darrel, Miss Mary Darrel, Miss Esther Darrel, and Mr. Richard J. P. Darrel, were returning from Devonshire Church, in their phæton, driven by Mr. R. J. P. Darrel; when at, or near White Hill, which is to the eastward of the Mayor's residence, the horse, from some cause or other not known, started and passed the Mayor's residence at full speed; but on turning the steep hill opposite the residence of Josephus Darrel, Esq. he fell, and threw the parties above named, out of the phæton, with awful violence....Mrs. Darrel was thrown a distance of about twelve feet, over a wall, but miraculously escaped without receiving any very material injury; not so with the others. Miss Darrel has no fracture, but is very much bruised, particularly about the head, and her life is despaired of. Miss Esther Darrel is most fearfully bruised, her jaw-bone fractured in several places—two pieces of the bone have been removed—she is cut quite through from under the chin to the mouth, the flesh torn from one of her arms, and the wrist of the other dislocated. Mr. R. J. P. Darrel, has no bone fractured, but is severely bruised about the head and otherwise. The symptoms are favorable for Miss Esther and Mr. R. J. P. Darrel. Since writing the above, we have with sincere regret, learned, that Miss Darrel departed this life yesterday, about two o'clock. P. M. She was interred in Devonshire churchyard, last evening. In order to prevent any fatal effects on the rest of the unhappy sufferers by any unguarded intimation of her death, the funeral of this truly amiable lady was conducted with as little ceremony as possible: still a large number of sympathizing friends attended; and we are told the church presented a most solemn scene. The gloom and stillness that prevailed, shewed the depth and intensity of the distress universally felt on the sad occasion.—*Bermuda Roy. Gaz.*

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

*The Duke.*—The following correspondence has taken place between the Duke and D. Cleghorn, Esq. of the Govan parish poor-rate Office, Glasgow, relative to the deep distress of two ladies, sisters of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton of the Scots Greys, who was killed at Waterloo. Mr. Cleghorn says,—

Your Grace is already aware that Col. Hamilton left ample property to keep his sisters in the same affluent circumstances in which they were previous to his death, and which property he entrusted to the management of the late Col. Gillon, and a Mr. Swan, a writer to the Signet. The latter person took the management of the estate, and after the death of Col. Gillon, had the sole control of the funds which he embezzled. He afterwards became a bankrupt, and the ladies were in consequence left in a state of the utmost destitution. Upon the case being made known to your Grace many years ago, you manifested a very warm interest in the sisters, and generously procured a sum from the Royal bounty, which enabled them to support themselves for a considerable time; but notwithstanding the utmost economy, this sum was exhausted many years ago. Every application has been made to Government in their behalf, but in vain.

He then goes on to describe the present miserable and wretched state of these ladies. They have applied, after years of extreme destitution, to be entered of the parish poor of Govan; their claim is doubtful, and, if proved, the relief must be confined to 2s.

6d. a month. One is a maniac; they cannot work, and are ashamed to beg; and Mr. Cleghorn adds, that he has undertaken to get up a subscription for their immediate wants, and solicits his Grace's aid. The reply is extremely characteristic, and, we think, worth preserving. It is addressed with his Grace's usual accuracy, and dated on the very day of the delivery of Mr. Cleghorn's letter,—

Sir,—I have had the honor of receiving your letter, regarding the sisters of the late Col. Hamilton, of the Scots Greys. If I had this single case to deal with, ora hundred, or even hundreds, I should be under no difficulty, but, as soon as the war was over, nothing would avail the officers of the army, their relatives and their relics, but exorbitant profits and interest, instead of placing their money in security, and being satisfied with small, but secure interest for the same, they entrusted it to gamblers and speculators, whether in the profession of the law or otherwise, in order to acquire more than could be fairly made by money; and the tale of distress, which you relate of the Misses Hamilton, is that not of hundreds, but, to my certain knowledge, of thousands. All these naturally come to me from all parts of the world. I have, at this moment, applications before me from Canada and the East Indies, as well as from different parts of Europe, and I must add, that reliefs of officers of the army are not the only sufferers. The Government will do nothing, and I confess that I cannot see on what ground a grant of money can be justified, founded on losses of fortune, occasioned by imprudent and unreasonable speculations. No private funds can provide for such demands. I make this statement in answer to your letter, as I wish to shew that the case is not singular; at the same time, I send you the enclosed, requesting you will add to it any subscription which may have been made for the service of these ladies. I have the honor to be, your obedient humble servant,

WELLINGTON.

Mr. Daniel O'Connell has recently been endeavouring to create a feeling amongst his countrymen against the introduction of Poor Laws into Ireland. It is well known that Ministers intend to introduce a measure for the relief of paupers, and it is evident the intention of the great mendicant, if he cannot prevent provision of some kind being made for the more destitute and distressed of his countrymen, to use his influence to confine the measure of relief within the smallest possible limits. The arguments which he addresses to the members of the Trades Union at their Sunday meetings, are such as are most likely to produce an effect upon such persons. The Poor Laws, he says, have the effect of diminishing the wages of labour...Poor Laws are an encouragement to vice—and Poor Laws increase pauperism! The first of his propositions is at once refuted by a comparison of the state of the labouring population of England with that of the same class in Ireland. In England, with her Poor Laws, wages are higher than in any other part of Europe. In Ireland, without Poor Laws, wages are lower than in any other country. As to the ascertainment that a Poor Law is an encouragement to vice, it is so, as a contemporary observes, in the same sense as the institution of property is an encouragement to vice. To prevent a man having money to spend in a ginshop, O'Connell would withhold the means of obtaining a larger allowance of food. Poor Laws increase pauperism. Ireland has no Poor Laws, and what is its present state? O'Connell himself tells us that it contains 2,300,000 paupers. What more is necessary to show the necessity of a legal provision being made for the poor?

We are aware that the subject is one which will require much consideration. It is surrounded with considerable difficulty; and O'Connell's influence with the Government will be exerted to obtain a measure conformable to his views—that is of the least possible utility to the starving poor. It is not then from the men who are continually crying 'Justice to Ireland' that a wholesome and just system of Poor Law is to be expected. Why is this? Why is Daniel O'Connell opposed to a provision for the poor? He shall answer that question himself. The Agitator having quarrelled with that warm-hearted,勇敢-headed, joint of the 'tail,' Feargus O'Connor, the latter has taken his revenge by publishing a book, in which, speaking of O'Connell's conduct on the question of Irish Poor Laws, he states the following fact:—From the time we left the tavern, until we arrived at the entrance of the House of Commons, you used every species of argument to induce me to relinquish the question of Irish Poor Laws...I was firm, and I did not give way; upon our entrance, we met that friend of the Irish poor, Mr. Howell, of Dublin, & that excellent man, Mr. Robinson, of Clara Mills, in the King's County; they called me from you, and having questioned me, requested me that I would persevere—you waited my return, and supposing my resolution strengthened by my interview with the two gentlemen named, you paid their understanding no very flattering compliment, and again returned even to imploring. I was steadfast, when you said, 'Well, Feargus, you are a bad general, you cannot take a hint.' 'Why,' says I, 'what do you mean?' to which you replied, significantly, and with a look which I shall never forget, 'Ah! Feargus, you want to destroy both our trades in Ireland.'...*Manchester Courier.*

In consequence of the recent vote of the Town Council of Canterbury, for Reform

in the House of Lords, between 200 and 300 persons assembled at the Guildhall Concert room, on Monday evening, to vote addresses to the King and the House of Lords, declaratory of their approval of the line of conduct pursued by the Peers, and their determination to support them. Addresses were proposed and adopted, embodying this sentiment. The one to the

House of Peers concludes with the following passage:—'Your petitioners, therefore, pray your Right Hon. House to continue to watch over the safety and interests of the nation, and to apply freely and independently to every measure which shall be brought before you, that profound, legal knowledge, statesman-like ability, and high integrity, by which your Lordships' proceedings have been eminently distinguished, & the empire incalculably benefited.' We imagine that the example of the ancient and loyal city of Canterbury will be extensively followed. Such demonstrations, however, are not now necessary. The House of Lords will meet furnished with abundant proof that the hearts of all true Englishmen are with them.

The Conservatives of Evesham have given a dinner to Mr. Borthwick, the Member for the borough. The Hon. gentleman delivered an able and eloquent address to his constituents. In the course of his speech he said, 'Old fashions, gentlemen, are reviving; and, notwithstanding the dislikes of those who dislike the Constitution, and would have all things new, I shall, in obedience to your choice, remain the old-fashioned representative, upon old fashioned principles, of an old-fashioned, and loyal, and independent constituency—constituency which loves true freedom so well, that it will submit to no dictation, much less when it comes from one who gives it the profound name of liberty.'

For the Farmers' Advocate.

STANSTEAD COUNTY—THE CRISIS. The friends of the constitution in this county were never so fully apprized of the revolutionary designs of the leaders of the House of Assembly as they were at the opening of the Poll at Georgeville, on Monday, from the declaration of Marcus Child, Esq. member of this county. Feeling an assurance that he still possessed the confidence of the electors, he was bold to expatiate on the purity of his motives in sanctioning the absurd demands of the House of Assembly. He dwelt long on the odious obstructive council, as a check to all the wants of the people; he gave the electors to understand that he could have a seat there, but the purity of his heart would not permit him to sacrifice principle in accepting it. He declared that the House of Assembly in their wisdom had brought the British Government to a point; that they must now grant all they demand, or govern us by force; yes, he says, 'and they have already commenced governing us by force—the Governor has put his hand into the public Chest and taken the people's money, as by stealth, the same as it would be for one man to put his hand into his neighbor's till and take away his change.' For this he declared that a prosecution awaited the Governor the moment he set his foot on the shore of England.

Dr. O'Callaghan, on being asked if they would not want an elective Governor if they succeeded in getting the Council elective, replied that that would be for the people to say. We would, as electors, inform the leaders of the House of Assembly, that the people of the Townships are not prepared to swallow assertions like these. They are not prepared for revolution, neither do they wish it. Constitutional reform is all they require, and further, they will not be led by apostates. The political apostasy of Marcus Child has become visible, and he is destined to sink into the disgrace that his conduct deserves. He was elected by a confiding people, as a friend to his Constituents. He was not elected to transcend his Constitutional powers by stopping the wheels of Government. He was not authorized by his Constituents to demand of the Home Government that which is not in their power to grant—the abrogation of land taxes, and on condition of refusal to light the torch of rebellion. He was not authorized by his constituents to charge the Governor with theft for obeying an order which the Colonial Minister was compelled to make in consequence of their impolite course taken by the House of Assembly in stopping the Supplies. Mr. Child seems to have forgotten that the granting of the contingencies, (of which he participated,) without the consent of the Council, was equally a violation of the constitutional act. We, as constitutionalists, do not charge the Governor with theft; we do not approve of the general policy of our present Governor, but we still think he has been actuated by the best intentions, & probably been guided wholly by instructions. We do not yet believe that he is prepared to cast the feudal chains around the necks of the loyal population of this province by recommending an elective Council, or what would equally destroy the American and British population by liberalizing, & thus throwing the majority into the hands of the anti-commercial Canadian influence. We do not yet believe that Lord Gosford will surrender all that the British Government gained by the conquest, and all the improvements in fortifications, &c., made since, into the hands of the conquered, a result which would inevitably follow the anticipated change in the Legislative Council. We can assure his Excellency that such a course would most certainly cut asunder the tie which binds us to the Mother country. We have liberty—we have the British Constitution—but we who have tasted these blessings flowing from this source can never consent to bow our necks to an anti-commercial feudal yoke. We who are British subjects by birth or naturalization, claim the right of subjects nor shall we yield those rights to a feudal aristocracy, although clad in a mask of republicanism. We would remind his Excellency of His declaration in his first address to the people of this province, that acceptance to the great majority of the people, was the essential qualification for fitness for office, if in acting on this rule he has offered Mr. Child (as Mr. C. intimates,) a place in the Legislative Council, he must now perceive that he (Mr. C.) has lost his fitness, having absolutely lost the confidence of his constituents.

TEN ELECTORS.

*Expiring laws....* The following acts expire in course of the present year.

Act to grant to Alexis Gosselin a right of toll over the bridge erected on the River Boyer—1st May.

Act to incorporate certain persons therein named, under the name of President, Directors and Company, of the Bank of Montreal—1st June.

Act for the incorporation of certain persons therein mentioned under the name of the Quebec Bank—1st June.

Act to exempt from seizure in satisfaction of Judgment, the bedding and necessary wearing apparel of debtors—1st May.

Act to except from seizure in satisfaction of Judgment, certain articles therein mentioned—1st May.

Act to repeal certain act or ordinance therein mentioned, and to provide effectual regulations concerning the practice of physic, surgery and midwifery—1st May.

Act to repeal in part, certain acts therein mentioned, and to establish and incorporate a Trinity House in the city of Montreal—1st May.

Act to encourage the establishment of banks for savings in this Province—1st May.

Act to incorporate certain persons therein mentioned, under the name of the 'City Bank,' to be established in Montreal—1st May.

The two following acts continue in force to the end of the next Session of the Provincial Parliament after the 1st May, 1837;—

Act to erect certain Townships therein mentioned into an inferior District, to be called the Inferior District of St. Francis, and to establish Courts of Judicature therein.

Act to make better provision with regard to appeals from the Provincial Court of the Inferior District of St. Francis, &c., *Vindicator.*

New Post Offices.—The following new Post Offices in this Province went into a operation on the 6th instant;—

East Farnham, and West Shefford, in the County of Shefford.

Sutton in the County of Mississouli.

South Potten, in the County of Stanstead.

Longueuil, in the County of Chamby, Repentigny, in the County of L'Assomption—*Mont. Her.*

The Quebec Mercury of Saturday states that the junior member of the royal commission who has managed to excite so much personal feeling against him, intended, with his lady and child to leave Quebec yesterday morning by Three-Rivers and Stanstead for New York to embark for England. By an advertisement in the same paper we observe that the furniture of Mr. Elliot, the Secretary to the Royal Commission, is to be sold on the 13th inst., from which we presume he will soon follow. On Thursday evening last the Governor gave his brother commissioner a ball, when the *Canadien* states, His Lordship's health was drunk with cheers at which the noble host was much affected, we suppose from its being the first time he had such an honor even in the Chateau. It may probably furnish matter for a despatch to the Colonial Office.—*Mont. Her.*

Don Miguel has addressed a proclamation from Rome to the Portuguese people, in which, after stating that the act by which he gave up all claim to the throne was wrung from him by force, and therefore not binding on him, he says:...

'Portuguese and soldiers!...The monsters who are now to be overthrown, are those whom you have twice so gloriously conquered, but who, by foreign aid, expelled me from the throne, contrary to the fundamental laws of the Monarchy, in favor of a stranger Prince, the enemy of you and of the nation, against which he made a cruel war. We will combat against these monstrous institutions which surround the wicked Charter, for the purpose of replacing in its full vigor the venerated code of your ancient national representation. We will re-establish all the law of the country, and the tithes, which, by Divine right, were instituted for the support of the Ministers of the altar; and we will restore to the religious orders, and other proprietors, the property of which they have been so unjustly deprived.'

Enough of blood has been shed in unfortunate Portugal, within the last thirty years, to make it desirable that no renewal of hostilities among her own children should take place. If those who now surround the young Queen's throne would unite their energies in completing wholesome laws for the benefit of the country, instead of quarrelling among themselves for supremacy, their position would be too strong to hold out the slightest temptation to Don Miguel to attempt forcing it.—*Mont. Gaz.*

#### THE CANADAS.

In Lower Canada, the prospect of a peaceful adjustment of the political difficulties which exists, seems to be very distant. The majority of the population of Lower Canada are of a very different character from that of the Upper province. They are the descendants of the original French settlers, who, preserving most of the customs, institutions and opinions of their ancestors, have remained nearly stationary, while the rest of the world has been advancing. In the highest degree ignorant and bigoted, they cling with devoted tenacity to their old feudal institutions

and laws, and submit themselves readily and implicitly, to the direction of a few seigneurs, whose interest it is to perpetuate the existing state of things. From this cause the views and measures of the legislative branch has been and will probably continue opposed to the executive and the enlightened English party. How the contest will terminate it is impossible to predict; it is evident, however, that it cannot continue much longer. The most serious evils are now being experienced; and, to judge from the complaints of the Canadian press, we should think that they might almost as well have no government at all.

A separation from Great Britain can never be contemplated by the inhabitants of the lower province. They have not got the moral or natural material for an independent government. The English party would of course be opposed to it, and we should think that the French would be so too, for if the present dictators of the French population wish to retain their power and privileges, the worst possible move they could make would be to dissolve their connection with England. They would be overrun in five years by the universal yankee nation, who would so improve them, their customs, laws, and habits of thinking, that the slumbers of this ignorant, bigoted population, which they have enjoyed for a century, and which the French landlords are so anxious to guard, would be completely broken by the din of innovation.

Whether the idea of a separation of these provinces from England is seriously entertained or not, it cannot be denied that important events are brewing, which will take but a short time to develop themselves. Five, or, at most, ten years, will, we believe, disclose some interesting results from this political fermentation.—*New York Sunday Morning News.*

For the Mississouli Standard.

#### THE FIRE SIDE.—No. 10.

The fathers and mothers of families form the connecting link, in the chain, between the present and past generations; and between the race that now is on the stage, and those that are to come. Those who preceded us had contributed, from their good and bad qualities, from their wisdom and folly, to make us what we really are. We are now in their place, the governors of the fireside societies, contributing every day from our vices, follies and ignorance, on the one hand; and from our virtues on the other, to the extent that we are virtuous, to make our successors what they shall be.

The position in which parents, then, are placed is of far greater importance, in all views that can be taken of it, than any mind can conceive, or the pen of the readiest writer can describe. They have, under God, the very making of the men and women of posterity in charge. For, from them the children not only derive their being, but, generally, even their temper, dispositions, feelings, prejudices and sentiments; their industry or negligence, their moral worth or their vicious follies. In all families we perceive a family likeness, between parents and children, in form, figure and complexion. Examine the resemblance a little farther beyond what nature effects in one being producing another after his own likeness, and we perceive what may be deemed the natural result of unavoidable imitation. Children imitate the voice and tones, the gestures and manners of their parents. The imitation is unavoidable; for at the firesides they must learn to speak; and as they learn only by imitating what they hear, they must necessarily learn to speak just as they hear. Hence, we perceive, in all families a close similarity between the speech of the parents and that of their children, in tone, pronunciation, manner, speaking fast or slow, correct or incorrect, just as they are in the habit of hearing. We are all aware that this is a matter of indisputable notoriety.

But observe a little farther still, and we discover that a similarity extends beyond the boundaries of natural production, and unavoidable imitation; that it proceeds farther than the material form, and external copying or imitation, even to nature itself and moral habits, infused & imbibed, from the prevailing manifestations of inherent original corruption.

We are all born in sin, and have inherited an original taint from our first parents. We have all gone astray from God, but the manifestations of our inherent corruption are exceedingly various. Our fire side, irritable tempers, morose dispositions, flashes of anger, keen resentments, un-forgiving obstinacy, as well as our meekness, patience, agreeable temper, and pleasing manners, are before the children, for their imitation. As we are, with respect to any or all of these, so, most generally, will our children be. We are the models before them for their study; &, for a long time, their only criterion for right or wrong. They inherit our dispositions, as well as our nature, from their birth. Through the tender years of infancy, till perhaps they are confirmed in the peculiarity of our habits beyond the power of changing them, they have no other model. If you are passionate and irritable, so are they. If you are haughty, overbearing and unyielding, what can you expect? If you are hasty and unjust, they are so with each other. They have derived your nature from, not only their birth, but they have also imbibed your peculiar habits, and manifestations of temper with their food and drink, and drew them in from your very looks and voice & manners.

Children have in fact, your feelings and your sentiments; your opinions and your prejudices: your likings and dislikes, be they right or wrong, so strongly planted in them as to make it extremely difficult, however necessary, to effect a change. Tell me your company, and I will tell

you who you are,' is a proverb which has obtained the sanction of nations, as truly applicable to all social connexions. At the fire side society, its truth is most striking, where the young think & speak and act, so far as they act at all, just as their models do, and hence, if the parents are virtuous, the probability is, that they will be virtuous too; but if they are not, you can, in no case, expect but such a crop as the nature and culture of the soil will authorise.

From all these considerations, I would humbly suggest to parents, the great importance of looking well to their own conduct. You have on you, as all must acknowledge, a most serious charge. You are raising the men and the women, the fathers and the mothers of a future race. You have need, then, to see that you be qualified for the momentous undertaking. Find out your own faults, such as you would not like to be followed in by your children. Correct them. Say not when you are in a passion about trifles, 'it is my nature & cannot be helped.' This is all nonsense. You can, by the grace of God, and your own watching, correct such failings to a great degree. Therefore let it be your endeavor to cultivate patience, meekness, candor and gentleness. Keep far from you the use of irritating, provoking language. A certain measure, or quality of temper or spirit may be imparted and received with the tone and manner of your advice, admonitions, exhortations, reproofs and commands: for so the wise man gives us to understand that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.' Begin, and persevere thus with a temper and manner, governed by reason, to act towards each other, and towards your children, as ye would they should do toward you, and so your instructions and example will be a model for good. You may, by taking heed to your own conduct, correct some evil bias or affection that may have been hereditary from your ancestors; or may introduce a good influence which may flow, extend and increase like a river, through generations to come.

J. R.

To the Editor of the Canada Temp. Advocate.

Sir,—In your paper for this month, you have an editorial article, under the head of 'Clergy Reserves' which struck my attention.

If, Sir, the fact which you have stated that one Clergyman' has erected, or caused to be erected a distillery on 'the portion of land that hath fallen to him,' be true you have displayed something worse than bad taste in your sarcastic, ironical innuendos with regard both to the Episcopal Clergy and the Government:

If your assertion be false, whether designedly or hastily thrown out on hearsay, without investigation, you are a slanderer.

I am a member of the Temperance Society, and deeply engaged in promoting its interests, but I had rather be a dog and bay the moon than to be after having discarded a purely human sin, guilty of putting on the sin of fallen spirits, and so become a malignant accuser of the brethren. If the fact which you have stated is true, it ought, to a good man, to be a matter of deep lamentation, and not of bitter sarcasm. Even if true to the letter, a good man would not cast it as a stigma on the whole body, or on the Government. But if it is false, I have no language for the baseness that prompted you to make such an unwarrantable assertion. I have no desire to shield the guilty, whoever he may be, from merited reproof, and therefore call upon you to give the accused Clergyman's name and residence.

As the conductor of a Paper professedly intend ed, soley to advocate the cause of Temperance, I see no manner of reason you could have had for perverting it from its Christian object, and making it the vehicle of a most unchristian attack as well upon the Government as upon the Clergy of the Episcopal Church, or on any religious denomination as such.

My subscription to your paper is paid; you have therefore no claims on me. Henceforth you may keep your sarcasms to yourself, and send them to others whose taste they may happen to suit:

I am Sir, &c.,  
JAMES REID.  
Freelighsburg, 11th Feb., 1837.

#### MISSISSOUI STANDARD.

FREELIGHSBURG, FEB. 14, 1837.

It is known, perhaps, to most of our readers that a Mr. Duncombe, of the Assembly of Upper Canada went, after the general election in that province, to England with a terrible budget of complaints and charges against the Provincial Government. This man represented himself as the agent of the reformers. To Downing street he went, and presented his petition, remonstrance, or sable, to the Colonial Secretary. Lord Glenorg, for once at least, did himself honor—rectified and read the scrawl—told the gentleman he could not believe a word of his statements, and sent the precious document to Sir Francis Bond Head...yes to the accused Sir Francis Bond Head. How astounding must this have been to the uncalculating gentleman! He, the ninny, meant that the morsel should be wholly eaten and digested in Downing Street. Sir Francis sent the document to the House of Assembly where a Committee was forthwith appointed to examine and report upon the charges. The head men of the gentleman's own party, Mr. Peter Perry, Dr. Baldwin, &c. being examined, declared that he was neither their agent nor that of their party...that they knew nothing of his journey and voyage to England, until they had learned from the pa-

pers that he had taken his passage at New

York. All the charges contained in the Petition were investigated, and witnesses examined, and the result of the whole was, a full demonstration that they were all totally false. The gentleman himself was invited to be present, but he declined. He would like to have been tried in Downing Street, where very little could be known, but like the prisoner once at the Bar, who did not wish to be tried by God, at all, at all, on the ground that he knew all about the matter; he did not wish to present himself in the committee room, where his falsehoods were proved beyond the possibility of doubt or denial. It is said, the gentleman went home. Who could envy his feelings on the occasion? Falsehoods proved against a gentleman, and a journey of 4000 miles over land & water to make them!! The biter was bitten! Ample warning that truth is a jewel—honesty is the best policy—that the best concealment of falsehood is to tell no lie!

The MISSISSOUI BRANCH CONSTITUTIONAL ASSOCIATION is to hold their Annual Meeting on Thursday the 23d inst., and we hope that there will be a general attendance.

The Constitutional cause is going on 'conquering and to conquer,' both in the English counties & in several of the Seigniories; and it behoves every Constitutionalist to be at his post, prepared for any duty which circumstances may indicate. Let there be no compromise,...no truckling,—and our cause must be onward, and our cause triumphant. Let us have the Constitution,—the whole Constitution,...and nothing but the Constitution,...and 'may God defend the right.'

The Chicago American states that, the remains of an ancient city are said to have been discovered on the Crawfish, a branch of the Rock river, in Wisconsin territory the wall of which is in its present state four or five feet high, and twelve feet thick at the base, built of burned brick, and supported by buttresses at regular distances. The wall above described is supposed to have been that of the citadel, as it encloses three large buildings, and above fifty of a smaller size. It is in turn enclosed by another of about three miles square.

Mrs. Hemans.—A monument to perpetuate the memory of this gifted lady, has been executed in England—and will soon be conveyed to Dublin, and placed over the remains of the departed poetess. It is a small Grecian monumental tablet in stone on a black ground—and is inscribed,

FELICIA HEMANS,

Died May 16, 1835, aged 41.

To which are added the following lines from her own solemn effusion known as the dirge :

'Calm on the bosom of thy God  
Fair spirit! rest thou now!  
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.  
Dust to its narrow home beneath!  
Soul to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die.'

#### LIST OF LETTERS,

Remaining in the Post Office

#### FREELIGHSBURG.

Feb. 14th, 1837.

#### St. Armand

Jonas Abbott, William Smith.  
Michael Fanning, Deacon Wm. Hickok.  
John Tittemore, Robert Perkins.  
Mrs. Evelina Turner, Thomas Reynolds.  
Mrs. Heriot, care of Selby.  
Leon LaLande, Abner Barnes.  
Charles A. Seymour, Bothus Cammel.  
Tamilp Smith, Benjamin Baker.  
Wesley Galusha, P. Reynolds.

J. CHAMBERLIN, P. M.

#### Married,

In the Township of Dunham, on the 29th day of January last, by the Rev. Charles C. Cotton Mr. Charles Jesmaw, of Dunham, to Miss Nancy Faran, of Stanbridge, on the 30th day, Mr. Lewis E. Traver to Miss Eliza Jane Pell, daughter of Capt. Pell, both of Dunham.

Stay mighty love, and teach my song,  
To whom the sweetest joys belong,  
And who the happy pair,  
Whose yielding hearts and joining hands  
Find blessings twisted with their bands,  
To soften all their cares.

#### OFFICE OF CROWN LANDS.

Quebec, 27th December, 1836.

In conformity with the foregoing instructions,

mat of the persons in arrear for Instalment or

Quit Rents, on the 31st day of December instant,

will be published in the several Districts of this

Province, on the FIRST day of MARCH, next,

and the further proceedings required to carry into

effect the conditions contained in the License of

Occupation, will take place at the ensuing Annual

Instalments or Quit Rents may be due, will

be the first lot to be exposed to auction at the

ensuing sales, and if any surplus of the produce

of the sales of each lot should remain after satis

fying the Crown for the sum due, the same will

be paid to the original purchasers of the land, who

are default in payment.'

JOHN D. VIDSON.

The Quebec Gazette, "old" Canadian, Mercury

Montreal Gazette, Herald, Courier, Vindicator,

Minerve, Ami du peuple, Transcript, Mississouli,

Standard, Farmers' Advocate' will insert the

above once a fortnight each, until the first March,

V2-43.



#### Mississouli Branch Constitutional Association.

THE Annual Meeting of the Members of the above Branch, will be held at the BRICK SCHOOL HOUSE, in the Village of Freightsburg, on Thursday the 23d instant, at ONE o'clock, P. M., to receive the Report of the Executive Committee, and for the purpose of electing the officers of said

REV. H. N. DOWNS'

Vegetable Balsamic

## ELIXIR;

FOR

Coughs, Colds, Consumptions,  
Croup, Catarrh, Asthma, Whooping  
Cough, and all diseases of the  
Chest and Lungs.

PRICE 75 CENTS.



## Cash for Wool!

### NOTICE

I Shereby give that two shilling surrency per pound will be paid at the Factory of the British American Land Company at Sherbrooke, for clean native Wool, average quality, the produce of the Eastern Townships.

Sherbrooke, May 10, 1736. V-7

## Tenders

WILL be received at the Office of the British American Land Company, for the supply of

3000 Cedar Posts, &

3000 do. Rails.

To be delivered at Sherbrooke, on or before the 10th May next.  
Sherbrooke, Dec. 20, 1836.

## Tenders

WILL be received by the British American Land Company, for the construction of 8 frame Buildings, 24 by 36 feet, according to a plan and specification, to be seen at their Office at Sherbrooke.

Sherbrooke, Dec. 20, 1836. V2 30—tf

A few bottles of this invaluable medicine may be had of Munson & Co. Mississoula Bay, Beardy and Goodnow, Henryville, Samuel Maynard, Dunham, and Levi Kemp, St. Armand.

INFORMATION wanted of William Lane,

William Lane, Jun., Honor Lane, Mary Lane, or Anne Lane, who emigrated from Tragony, in the parish of Cuba, Cornwall, to this country, about three years ago, in the barge Janus, from Falmouth to Quebec. The subscriber will feel much obliged to any individual who will be kind enough to send information to the Herald Office, Montreal, respecting any or all of the above individuals.

RICHARD PARSONS.

Editors of Newspapers in the Upper Provinces and Townships, are requested to insert this.

Montreal, 1836.

26,000 SUBSCRIBERS!

PHILADELPHIA MIRROR

The splendid patronage awarded to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, induces the editors to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known to be the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books with the best of literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful, the plan will be continued. Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Captain Marryatt, and sixty-five of Mr. Brooks' valuable letters from Europe, have already been published without interfering with its news and miscellaneous reading. The Courier is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature, Science and Arts; Internal improvement; Agriculture; in short every variety of topics usually introduced into a public journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest

## Munson & Co., Fall & Winter GOODS!

In returning thanks for the good share of Public patronage with which they have been favoured, inform their old friends and customers that they have received and are now opening at their store in Philadelphia, a very nice, well selected, and extensive assortment of

all of which they will sell as cheap as they can be bought at any Store in the Townships, none excepted.

They add further, that they will purchase good

## Pine Logs,

that will make Plank or Boards, for the southern Market, to be delivered at any responsible Saw-Mill within 10 miles of Mississoula Bay; and will make advances on the same to any responsible person. The Logs to be delivered any time in the course of next Winter.

Philipsburg, Nov. 3, 1836.

FRANKLIN STEREOGRAPHY

## FOUNDRY

SMITH, BARRINGTON & EATON, respectfully inform the printers of the Upper & Lower Provinces, and the public generally, that having established a

## STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,

AT BURLINGTON, Vt. they hold themselves ready to execute any work which a kind public may feel disposed to favor them with. They hazard nothing in saying that they can do work cheaper, and in as good style as can be done at any Foundry in the United States.

Leads furnished at the Franklin Foundry, on the most reasonable terms.

## CUTS

on hand and for sale at the F. S. F.

BLANKS of all kinds Stereotyped at short notice. Old Type taken in pay for work, at 9 cents per pound.

College Street, Burlington Vt.

January 12 1836.

## Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Philipsburg and its vicinity that he still continues the

## Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand Day Street.

Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths, and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand inducements seldom to be met with; and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitted attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but Cash will be received.

DANIEL FORD.

Philipsburg, June 21, 1836. V2.11—ly.

## For Sale,

A N Excellent FARM, situated upon the main road, in the flourishing Township of Farnham, adjoining the residence of Samuel Wood, Esquire, M. P. P. The farm is advantageously situated, and contains 200 acres of land—one half under good improvement, upon which there is a dwelling house, and two new barns have been recently erected with a small shed attached to one of them. Title indisputable—terms liberal. For further particulars enquire of Dr. Chamberlin, of the village of Freleighsburg, or the undersigned proprietor.

SARAH WINCHESTER.

Dunham, 3d Sept., 1836. V. 222, 12w

## MAPS.

In addition to all of which the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the twenty-five States of the Union, &c. exhibiting the situation, &c. of rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, these board, internal improvements, as displayed in canals, railroads, &c., with other interesting and useful features, roads distances, &c. forming a complete Atlas for general use and information, handsomely executed, and each distinct map on a large sheet at an expense which nothing but the splendid patronage which for six years past has warrant.

## TERMS.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is still continuing in its large form at the same price as before. The Philadelphia Mirror being a quarterly edition of the Saturday Courier, with fine white attractions, and printed on the best fine white paper of the same size as the New York Almanac, will be put at precisely one half the price of that valuable journal, viz.; Three dollars per annum, payable in advance, including the New Philadelphian.

WOODWARD & CLARKE.

## LINES TO A LADY,

Who presented the author with a velvet band,  
which bound her tresses.

By Lord Byron.

This band which bound thy yellow hair,  
Is mine, sweet girl! the pledge of love:  
It claims the warmest, dearest care,  
Like relias left of salutes above.

Oh! I will wear it next my heart,  
Twill bind my soul in bonds to thee;  
From me again t'will ne'er depart,  
But mingle in the grave with me.

The dew I gather from thy lip,  
Is not so dear to me as this;  
That, I but for a moment sip,  
And banquet on the transient bliss.

This will recall each youthful scene,  
E'en when our loves are on the wane,  
The leaves of love will still be green,  
When memory bids her bud again.

Oh! little lock of golden hue!  
In gently waving ringlets curl'd,  
By the dear head on which it grew,  
I would not lose you for a world.

## THE UNDINE OF STAUFENBERG.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Never did braver knight break a lance than Prince Drimingen, Count de Stauffenberg. He was young, accomplished, rich, and handsome: he might have aspired to the favour of the fairest and most noble lady in the kingdom; but this very circumstance seemed to present obstacles to his choice. Like a bee in a garden filled with choicest flowers, he wandered from one to another, never wearying in the pursuit of sweets, but still fickle and doubtful on which to rest.

Perhaps had the fair dames of the court paid him less attention, and not allowed him to perceive the high estimation in which he was held, it would have been different; but alas! then, as now, men were apt to be spoilt by adulation, and Pierre was an example of this fact. He had been left to his own guidance, from a very early age, by reason of the death of both his parents. Surrounded, as he was, by every temptation, it would not have been very surprising had he given in to the prevalent vices of the court; but he escaped these, and might have been perfectly happy but for caprice, which was, however, not always unfluenced by ambition.

One day returning late from hunting, he was accidentally separated from his companions. Overcome with thirst and fatigue he perceived a fountain, shaded by lofty and beautiful oak trees, at which he dismounted. He had tied up his horse, and was about to drink, when, to his surprise, he saw, seated on the opposite bank of the fountain, a damsel of wonderful beauty. He bowed low to her, and she returned his salutation, at the same time calling him by his name. The astonished count asked who she was and whence she came? 'I live near at hand,' she replied; 'I have frequently seen you, at this fountain, with your dogs and huntsmen, and thus it is that I have learnt your name.' They continued conversing for some time, each moment increasing the count's admiration; when, on hearing voices in the neighbouring thicket, she vanished. The count was surrounded in the next minute by his hunting companions, who had been vainly seeking him for some time, and they hinted that he must have been amusing himself at their expense, as they had been in the neighbourhood of the fountain all the time; and they insisted that they must have been heard before, if he had not been obstinately and wilfully deaf. One of them said jestingly, that perhaps he had been visiting the bottom of the fountain in quest of one of its fair inhabitants, as many of the neighbouring peasants declared positively that females of surprising beauty had been frequently seen on its banks, and that on the approach of footsteps they always disappeared beneath the waters. The count impatiently interrupted them, by asking whether they had not seen a female as they approached the fountain. This, however, only gave new vigour to their jokes; and at length, having sought in vain for the lovely girl, or for some trace of her dwelling, which he said was near at hand, the count, tired with his companions' mirth and full of surprise and perplexity, returned to his palace.

He could not however, for one moment, forget the fairy form and angelic countenance of the fountain beauty; his wayward heart now fancied itself fixed, and he impatiently passed the hours, till daylight enabled him to renew his search. But day after day did he vainly hope to meet her. At the hour he had first seen her he repaired constantly to the fountain, but the unknown was never there. At length, one evening, when he was pensively reclining against an oak, he heard a voice of celestial sweetness, which appeared to proceed from the depth of the water. He rose, looked on every side with the utmost anxiety, but no one was visible, and the voice was no longer to be heard. He turned to reseat himself under the oak, in the hopes that he should again hear the voice, when suddenly he beheld the unknown seated on the stone he had just left. She appeared in a most lively humour, and replied to all his questions with a fascinating language that captivated the count still more than her former behaviour he confessed his passion; she instantly became thoughtful and silent: at length, she told him to meet her at the same hour on the following day.

The chevalier was true to the appointment: at break of day the fair unknown appeared from the coppice, and so beautiful she looked, that Pierre thought he beheld an angel. The ringlet of her lovely auburn hair sparkled with the morning dew, and were bound with a wreath of blue-bells. She fixed her innocent and expressive eyes on the enamoured count, who was silent with admiration. At length he ventured to take her hand, and speak of his passion. She made him sit down by her, and thus replied to him.

'I am not a child of earth...the waters gave me being, and in the waters is my home. I am an Undine, and therefore unfit to wed with the Count of Stauffenberg. He should have with his bride, wealth and broad lands, we of the waters have neither gold nor jewels nor house nor castle. Him we love truly we wed, and when we wed we give hand with heart, and heart with hand. But reflect well, Sir Knight. If you pledge your faith to me, your love ought to be as this limped water, and as true as the steel of your sword. A single infidelity, after we were united, would inevitably cause your death, and would make me eternally miserable. For it is of our tribe, that our joys and our griefs know no end.'

The count swore that it would be equally impossible to him to live without her, or to be unfaithful. The nymph then gave him her hand. He pressed her with tenderness to his bosom, spoke to her of the delightful situation of his castle, and of the happiness by which she would be surrounded as mistress, and after a long conversation they parted, having first named the day for their nuptials.

On the eve of this day the count found on his table three baskets, most elegantly ornamented, one filled with gold, another with silver, and the third with precious stones of every variety. He perceived that what she had said to him respecting her being without wealth, must have been only to ascertain whether he loved her disinterestedly, for these baskets and their contents would have sufficed for a princess dowry. She soon afterwards appeared, attended by a numerous suite, and requested to speak in private with the count. He conducted her to another saloon, where she entreated him once more to reflect on what he was about to do, ere it should be too late to retract. 'If your love for me,' she said emphatically, 'cools for one moment, or is transferred to another, you are inevitably lost; and the sign of your approaching death will be, seeing no other part of my person but my right foot.'

The chevalier again repeated his protestations of fidelity with all the tenderness and ardour of first and violent love, and as the lady wished to believe him true, she was not long in giving him credit for all the vows he uttered. The marriage was solemnized with the utmost splendour; days and months passed in a succession of pleasures, the young wife became each day more beautiful and amiable, and the birth of a son seemed to place their happiness beyond a possibility of doubt. But alas! nothing can be certain. A war broke out on the frontiers of France. Pierre was brave, and now ambition divided his heart with love. The countess did not choose to oppose his desire for fame, but at parting she shed many tears, entreating him not to forget his wife, nor the lovely pledge of their affections.

Pierre passed the Rhine at the head of a small and well-chosen troop, and fought under the banners of a French duke. In every engagement he distinguished himself, and in one saved the duke's life. The peace, which was soon afterwards concluded, was also brought about by his exertions, and the duke, full of gratitude, and thinking he could not pay him too much respect, offered him the hand of his youngest and fairest daughter in marriage, as a reward for his many services. Pierre's inconstancy now showed itself, and his behaviour now offered the most singular contrasts, for at the same time that he mediated the desertion of his lovely and confiding wife, the ingenuousness of his character would not allow him to deceive the duke, by concealing his marriage. He, therefore, faithfully related all that had passed. The duke shook his head, but as he much wished for the count's marriage with his daughter, he obstinately closed his eyes to the injustice of the proceeding, and declared that the whole affair must have been the work of magic, and that the eternal welfare of the count's soul depended on this most dangerous connexion being dissolved. The chaplain, when consulted, assured the chevalier that the whole of this magical delusion would vanish if his receiving the holy benediction of the church. Pierre allowed himself to be persuaded without much difficulty, and the ceremony of betrothing was performed, and the nuptials were deferred for a fortnight.

On the eve of the day appointed for the marriage, one of the count's people arrived from Stauffenberg, with the intelligence that his wife and child had disappeared from his palace on the very day of his betrothing. This information confirmed the idea that the whole was the work of magic.

Pierre, believing that he was rid of them now, and thinking of nothing but his young bride, set out with a light heart to a country palace of the duke's, where the marriage was to be celebrated. As they were all seated at table, the count, being not the least merry of the party, accidentally cast his eyes on the wall of the saloon and beheld starting from it a beautiful foot, the graceful form of which he remembered but too well. In vain did he rub his eyes, and endeavour to persuade himself that his sight deceived him, still, to his horror and dismay, this ominous appearance long remained.

The chevalier was true to the appointment: at break of day the fair unknown appeared from the coppice, and so beautiful she looked, that Pierre thought he beheld an angel. The ringlet of her lovely auburn hair sparkled with the morning dew,